



Charlotte Mason's House of Education,
Scale How, Ambleside, UK, 2009

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venture to formulate it, is strictly ethical as opposed to intellectual, that is, the development and sustenance of the intellect is of secondary importance to the educator for two reasons: character building is the matter of first importance to human beings; and this because, (a) train character and intellectual "development" largely takes care of itself, and (b) the lessons designed for intellectual culture have high ethical value, whether stimulating or disciplinary. This is familiar ground to us: we too have taught, in season and out of season, that the formation of character is the aim of the educator. So far, we are at one with the philosopher, but, may we venture to say it, we have arrived, through the study of Physiology, at the definiteness of aim which he desires but cannot reach. We must appeal, he says, to Psychology, but then, he adds, "of course we cannot expect a concordant answer from all psychologists; and in view of the obscurity which still prevails in this sphere, the different views as to the nature of the human soul and the extraordinary difficulty with which the empirical method of investigation meets, an absolutely indubitable explanation can hardly be expected."

This is doubtless true of Psychology alone, but of Psychology illuminated by Physiology we have another tale to tell. It is the study of that border-land betwixt mind and matter, the brain, which yields the richest results to the educator. For the brain is the seat of habit: the culture of habit is, to a certain extent, physical culture: the discipline of habit is at least a third part of the great whole which we call education, and here we feel that the physical science of to-day has placed us far in advance of the great philosopher of fifty years ago. We hold with him entirely as to the importance of great formative ideas in the education of children, but, we add to our ideas, habits, and we labour to form habits upon a physical basis. Character is the result not merely of the great ideas which are given to us, but of the habits which we labour to form *upon those ideas*. We recognise both principles and the result is a wide range of possibilities in education, practical methods and a definite aim. We labour to produce a human being at his best physically, mentally, morally and spiritually, with the enthusiasms of religion, the good life, of nature, of knowledge, of art and of manual work; and we do not labour in the dark.

AUNT MA'S BUDGET.

BY MRS. FRANCIS F. STEINTHAL.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—Does it not seem strange that I should now be writing in Christmas week, what you will not read until February? I must tell you of a delightful present that was sent from Germany to a little girl in England. You know the Germans can do all kinds of beautiful work with their fingers, and when you hear of the present you will not be so surprised. It is called a wonder-ball, and in Germany little girls who want to learn to knit, get one of these wonder-balls. Instead of winding the wool into a large ball, the winder keeps putting in little parcels in paper, and fastens them in by winding the wool three or four times round it. Then another parcel is put in and fastened, until, when the wool is quite wound, the ball contains ten or twelve parcels. The little knitter then sets to work, and is allowed to take and undo each parcel as it is released. The little girl I spoke about has made a pair of doll's shoes, a bag for little balls, and a doll's dress, and the parcels are by no means all out. She has found a chocolate elephant, a doll's sweeping brush, doll's bread, a doll's cake, and other little toys. Don't you think you would soon be able to knit if mother gave you such a wonder-ball?

As our tale is about a dear little snowdrop, who could not tell if she belonged to the winter or the spring—and you will find them in your little garden this month—will you paint me one with her leaves, and do remember to paint her little green hem.

Your loving

AUNTIE MAI.

COMPETITIONS.

Girls.—These competitions are open to the children of all readers of the *Parents' Review*. One garment is made each month, so that in a year each child has completely dressed

a doll 26 inches long. The patterns are in a box, entitled, *My Dollie's Wardrobe*, and can be obtained from Vickers, The Grove, Ilkley, for 1s. 3d., postage included.

Class I. Age 11 to 15. This month sees the end of our first year's work. On the whole it has been very satisfactory. On account of illness, or extra school work, some of my best workers have been obliged to withdraw, but others have steadily sent in work, month after month, and have made great progress in sewing and neatness. Strange to say, the sewing in the second class has been better, on the average, than that of the first.

Agnes Toller, 14, and Maude Baxter, 12, get the books. Jennette Backhouse has made her bonnet equally well, but she got a prize last month.

Class II. Cicely Foster, 9, has made a dainty white bonnet, lined with pale blue, and a most elaborate night gown case, with the dollie's name, *Princess May*, neatly embroidered on it. Lucy Wilson, 7, has sent a white bonnet, edged with beaver. Books. Very pretty bonnets have been sent by May Warren Vernon, 9, Helen Boyd, 10, Ethelwyn Robertson, 7, Joan Newman, 10, Agnes Newman, and Dorothy Senior, 10, Rhoda Goddard.

In February the drawers are to be made by both classes.

Boys.—A book is offered to the boy who sends the best cardboard sloyd model.

All competitors must send their work, with stamps, before February 28th, to Aunt Mai, Wharfemead, Ilkley.

BURIED PROVERBS.

Explanations how to find the proverbs are given in the December number.

Hans Baynes, Cicily Coombe, Eunice Wood, George Fox, Wilfred Stanton, Mabel Ewing, Horace Cox, Lionel Peters, Maude Dering, and Erica Freen have guessed the December proverbs. They are: Care killed the cat, and, Rome was not built in a day.

Only one proverb is given this month.

Living mostly by the sea.
Like a ghost, so slim is she,
Weird her island as can be.

Will she fear me? will she go?
Odd fancies sway her to and fro,
Lightly come, as lightly go.

Friends I have both strong and weak,
All of them I leave, and seek
My ghostly maiden, fair and meek.

A book is offered to the boy or girl who sends the best hidden proverbs, or puzzles, or buried cities, before February 28th, to Aunt Mai.

FEBRUARY.

Gardening operations depend very much on the state of the weather this month. It is useless, or worse, to dig or sow in sharp frost or snow, but should the weather be mild, the sowing of peas, broad beans, beet-root and early carrots may be proceeded with. Parsley should be sown in drills, and as it is very slow in coming up you must have patience. Lettuce may be sown, also mustard, cress and radishes under a frame. Onions for early use may be sown in a sheltered border. A liberal sprinkling of soot and lime from time to time, when the seeds are coming up, as it helps to destroy the slugs and worms, that do so much damage to the young seedlings. Some people turn their ducks into the garden for an hour or so every morning at this season, and it is wonderful how the worms and slugs vanish! Hoe all vacant beds, and loosen the earth between the rows of fruit trees and shrubs. Sweep and roll gravel paths. Lay down turf and roll frequently. Renew box and other edgings.

In mild weather prune fruit trees. Those trained on walls, renail, prune and train afresh, cutting off all the weakly shoots and old and dead wood. Commence to make your hot beds to be in readiness for planting melons, and cucumbers. Netting firmly stretched over seeds as they are coming up will keep off the birds. Fill up any vacancies that frost or slugs have made in your cabbage bed. Celery will now be useless and may be dug up and the ground after digging will be ready for another crop.

OUR LITTLE COOKS.

Apple Snow. $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. of Savoy biscuits, 2 oz. white sugar, 1 lb. apples, $\frac{1}{2}$ gill of cream. Peel the apples, take out the core and cut the apples into small pieces into a pan, add the sugar and a little water, and boil till they are quite soft, then let them cool. Whisk the cream, crush the savoy biscuits, and when the apples are cold stir all together and serve in a glass dish.

Buttered Eggs. Allow one egg for each person, with an egg over, and ounce of butter to two eggs. Break the eggs into a bowl and beat them till they are light and frothy; put the butter into a separate basin, place this over boiling water, and stir it till it is melted, then put both butter and eggs into an enamelled saucepan, and *keep stirring* them one way over a gentle fire, till they are hot through without being allowed to boil. If the eggs are not taken from the fire the moment they are lightly set they will be hard and leathery, even if they do not curdle. Serve the Buttered Eggs on a piece of toast on a hot dish.

H. DE PIERREFOND.

LITTLE WORKERS' SOCIETY.

An account of this Society is given in December. Any child under eleven can join. A pink cotton pinafore for a poor child must be sent to Aunt Mai before June 1st. These will be returned with marks to the workers, who can then give them away.

THE SNOWDROP.

(Suggested by Schumann's *Schneelöckchen*.)

ONCE upon a time, when the storms of winter had ceased, and the smiling sun looked down again upon the earth, a soft breeze sprang up, and blew gently upon a pale Snowdrop, who raised her modest head, and looked round timidly for the coming spring.

Alas! the gloomy reign of winter was not over; the dark clouds again rushed angrily across the sky, and the north

wind howled in fury. The glaciers, bound hitherto with iron chains, poured forth their noisy water to mingle with the streams in the valley below. Sweet little Snowdrop looked around, full of faith and hope, believing that her season of warmth and joy would come.

The white and driving snowflakes called to her as they danced past and sang, "Come away with us, pale and gentle maiden. Thy silvery dress cannot protect thee. Fly with us to the caves in the mountains, and hide thyself from the stormy wind and tempest. Hasten away, until this storm is over!"

While she listened, the heart of Snowdrop began to tremble, and she murmured to herself, "I am indeed white like the snowflakes, and perhaps I have opened my eyes too soon. Alas! must I leave my dear earth, where I have been placed by a Divine hand? No! I will wait patiently and hope and trust."

The days passed on. The gentle flower looked up to the Heavens, and one day she saw a gleam of sunshine amid the clouds, which parting, showed a blue sky. She looked around, and behold the mists were rolling away from the hill-sides, and the tender grass began to spring up between the grey stones.

The Snowdrop looked down at her white dress, and saw for the first time the green hem of her under-skirt. With a smile, she cried, "This beautiful border was not woven by Winter's icy hand. It must have been made by the dear Spring. Although I am so young, and know so little, I wait and trust, for I feel sure that I belong to a fairer season."

Another day dawned, the glowing sun illumined a new world. Winter had gone—the cascades ran merrily down the mountain sides; gay flowers were blooming in the turf, and the early birds carolled their welcome to the glorious spring.

"Ah!" cried happy Snowdrop, laughing joyously with her companions, "although everything appeared so dark and dreary, it was all for the best. The singing-birds have come at last. All things come round to those who will but wait."

A. M. ROWE.

THE THREE BUTTERFLIES.

Translated from W. Curtmann.

ONCE upon a time there lived three butterflies, who played together in the sunshine, and danced from one flower to another. One was white, the other red, and the third a beautiful yellow. They enjoyed themselves so much, that they never felt tired or weary, and one day they were so happy that they never noticed that the clouds had come up, and quite covered the sun, so that he could not shine through them.

Very soon the dark cloud broke, and heavy rain fell on the three playfellows, and made them very wet and uncomfortable. They wished to fly home, but their house was a long way off, so that they would only get more and more soaked if they had tried to fly so far.

So they flew instead to the red and yellow striped Tulip, and said very prettily, "Dear Tulip, will you open your leaves a little more, so that we can creep in and get out of the rain?"

The Tulip answered, "I shall be very pleased to allow the red and yellow Butterflies to come in; but I am sorry I cannot let the white Butterfly enter."

The red and yellow Butterflies made their best bows, and said politely, "No, thank you, dear Tulip, if you won't let our brother come with us, we cannot accept your invitation."

It rained harder and harder, so they all flew to the white Lily, and asked, "Dear Lily, will you open your leaves a little more, so that we can creep in and get out of the rain?"

The Lily answered: "I shall be very pleased to allow the white Butterfly to come in, because she wears my colour; but I cannot let the others enter."

The white Butterfly said, with a pretty bow, "Thank you, dear Lily; but if my brothers cannot shelter in you, I must decline your invitation. We would much rather all get wet together, than leave any outside." And then they all flew away.

The Sun had been listening behind the dark cloud to the little Butterflies, and he was so pleased with them for being so kind and unselfish, that he peeped through the clouds, and

drove the rain away; and smiled on the garden and the little brothers. Before very long their wings were dry, and they felt warm once more. And then they danced again, and played until the evening, when they all flew home together and went to sleep.

"JACK AND JILL'S JOURNEY."

By Phoebe Allen, Author of "Playing at Botany," "Two Little Victims," etc., etc.

CHAPTER II.

"Why, dear me, have we got to Rootland already?" asked Jack, awaking from an odd jumbly sort of dream to find that the party had come to a standstill.

"Not yet," said Prof. Fun, "but it's just because we've *nearly* got there and haven't quite, that we're stopping still you know."

"How very silly," cried Jack, "if we're nearly there, why on earth don't we go on and get there altogether?"

"Now, why," retorted Fun, "don't you use your ears to listen with, instead of working your tongue so hard, to talk nonsense? Folks never will understand that when Dame Nature put *two* ears outside their head and only one tongue inside, she meant to give them a broad hint that they were to do double as much listening as talking in the world. So now suppose you listen to Prof. F.O.'s explanation of why we're stopping here."

Jack took the hint and this is what he heard.

"Now as this is a pleasure trip," Prof. F.O. was saying, "I don't want to bore you with any long names, yet before we get into Rootland, I want to give you just a few hints about the various families whom we shall find represented there."

"Mind they *are* only a few," put in Fun, "because you know, my good fellow, it strikes me, that if whenever we went to a party we were kept waiting on the door step of the house till we had heard the family history and personal description of all the guests we were invited to meet, it would rather destroy our appetite for the so called entertainment."

"Very true," said Prof. F.O., "but at the same time, when

you go to a large meeting, where you know there will be all sorts of interesting people from all corners of the world, you're very glad to have some one to whisper to you how you can distinguish who is who. And that's the sort of help I propose to give our fellow tourists."

"Fire away then," muttered Fun, rather disrespectfully,

"Now to start with, my children," went on Prof. F.O. "this vegetable kingdom (the world of Plant Life you know) through which we are going to travel, is cut up into two *great* divisions (the lesser ones I will speak of later). To one division belong all the plants whose leaves have netted veins, like the nettle leaf for instance, whilst the other division includes those plants in whose leaves the veins run in straight lines from the top of the leaf to the bottom, as you see in grasses or in Lily and Hyacinth leaves. And this difference, which is so easily seen, when it has once been pointed out to you, makes such an excellent distinction between the members of each division that—"

"That," broke in Fun, "it's as easy to know which belongs to which by looking at their leaves, as it is to tell a white man from a nigger by looking at his skin."

"I wasn't going to say quite that," said F.O. "still it's true in a way."

"Of course it is," retorted Fun "for just as the black man's skin tells you that he was born in a hot country and the white man's fair complexion shows that he is a native of cool climates, so the leaves tell you quite as clearly where *they* come from by the arrangement of their veins. Those with netted veins tell you they sprang from a seed which will split into two halves."

"Like the almond" put in Prof. F.O. "or the pea."

"Whilst those with straight veins," went on Fun, "tell you that *they* grew from a seed that *wouldn't* split."

"Such as an oat or a grain of rice, or a date-stone or the bulb of a hyacinth," said Prof. F.O.

"And so, my dears," went on Fun, who was determined to have his say, "don't you worry your heads about such words as Dicotyledons and Monocotyledons."

"Oh! but those are the proper terms for two-lobed seeds and one-lobed seeds," said F.O. imploringly, but no one heeded.

"You'll content yourselves," continued Fun, "by saying, the

plants that have netted veins in their leaves are the white men of the vegetable world, and the others are the niggers, and you won't be far out, for nearly all the plants with straight-veined leaves have come, at some time or other, from the black man's country. Now Prof. F.O., you can't say that's wrong."

"N—n—o;" said F.O., "but I do say it's a *funny* way of putting it."

"And now you can remember this rhyme," said Fun.

"When veins of a leaf like network appear,
That the plant has a two-lobed seed is clear;
But when veins run straight, it is equally plain,
That the seed of that plant is one single grain."

"But now one word about the smaller divisions into which these two great ones are cut up," said Prof. F.O., "and which are called tribes. These tribes are large groups of plants which are classed together, because in some way or other they are related to each other, just as we ourselves belong to families, some large, some small. Some of us have foreign relations, you know, and just, too, as every family has some members who are more distinguished than the others, and more widely known, so the plant-tribes have certain representatives which often give their name to the whole tribe. Thus the Poppy tribe bears the name of its grandest member. But this is not always the case. For instance: the Crucifer tribe—which is a very big one—is not called the Wall-flower tribe, although the Wall-flower generally stands for its representative; and so, again, with the Umbelliferae or Umbrella tribe —"

"Come, come, don't talk about umbrellas, please," broke in Fun, "else we shall bring the rain; and, by the way, haven't you come to the end of your few words, and won't you let me finish off your story now? for I see Mr. Matter-of-fact beginning to shoulder his bag already, so he'll be here in another minute to pelt us with some of his hard facts."

"Oh! then make haste, please Mr. Fun, and tell us what *you've* got to say," came in a chorus of voices.

"Well it's just this: that, owing to the winter season, which excuses most plants from putting in an appearance in their usual place in hedge, meadow, and garden, they have been free to arrange a grand meeting of all their roots—a sort of parliament you know—to which we, as very favoured mortals,

have been invited. It's a rare chance, for we shall see a number of roots of all lands and sizes gathered together."

("Just as at large exhibitions," put in Prof. F.O., "you may have seen how the various exhibits, which have come from all parts of the world, are divided into courts, which are labelled with the names of the countries they represent; such as: the 'French Court,' the 'Turkish Court,' the 'Japanese Court,' etc.")

"The plants with netted-veined leaves," shouted Fun, determined that only *his* voice should be heard, "will be placed on one side, and the plants with straight-veined leaves will be placed on the other, and each tribe, with its various family parties, will stand apart by itself, each one proclaiming itself by its own chosen badge. Thus the Crucifer tribe will hoist a Wall-flower, the tribe of Compositæ or Compound flowers will hoist a Golden Dandelion, the Ro—" but here Fun broke off suddenly, for Matter-of-fact was actually treading on his heels, and looking very stern.

"Ah! there you are," cried the little Professor, trying to make his comical face look cross, "poor Fun gets hard law now-a-days, for Mr. Matter-of-fact is always ready to elbow him out of the way. He'd like to elbow him out of the world altogether I suspect."

"Now really, my good Fun, you've had your fair share of talk," said the new comer, "and we shall be starting on to Rootland again before I've had a chance of speaking. So now, do let me ask these young people what they have done in the way of collecting the hard facts I desired they should get together for me. They were to have reference, you remember, my children," added the speaker, turning towards his audience, "to the five organs which belong to the ordinary flowering plant, and first tell me again what those organs are."

And pitter-patter like a shower of hail-stones came the answer in a hundred little voices.

"Root, stem, leaf, blossom, and fruit containing seed."

"Right," was the reply, "and now for the one hard fact about each of them. Begin with the root."

"The use of the root is to fix the plant in the ground, and to absorb all the food-material it can from the soil," came the answer again.

"Right," said Mr. Matter-of-Fact, "and now for the stem."

"And the chief use of the stem is to support the leaves, buds, and flowers," replied a score of voices.

"Right again, and what of the leaves?"

"The leaves are useful to take up food-material from the sunlight and the sun heat, and oh! they do a lot of things besides which we can't talk about now," was the next answer.

"Indeed, they do," said Mr. Matter-of-Fact, "still as I only asked for one fact, I must be content with your answer. Now for the blossom."

"The use of the blossom is to produce the seed, and the use of the seed is to produce a fresh plant;" the voices were hurrying along now at a tremendous rate. "Please will that do, Mr. Matter-of-Fact?"

"Ye—es, as far as it goes," said that gentleman, "and I suppose as it is your first attempt in that line, I must consider it a fairly good one, but I must say that I hope, as we travel on further, you will do your work in a less rough and ready way. But stay, you've overlooked one hard fact for which I asked. What does our word *plant* come from?"

"From the word *planta*," said Jack, "which the old Latins used when they meant to speak of a young green twig, or a sprout, or a shoot."

"Quite right," said Matter-of-Fact, "and you see both the French "*plante*" and the English plant came in a very straight line from the Latin country, but the German Pflanze must have taken a zigzag road and picked up an f and an e and dropped an a and exchanged its t for one of the z's in the zigzag. Do you know, I don't think there's anything funnier than to watch a word setting out from its home, and gradually putting on all manner of different disguises in the different lands where it settles. And by the way, amongst your next collection of facts, find out where the word *root* came from. Further, having heard so much to day about the Dicotyledons or plants that have leaves with netted veins, and the Monocotyledons or plants that have leaves with straight veins, I will thank you to bring me three different plants belonging to each division."

"Well," said Fun, "if that's all the work you're going to give these young folk, they might as well go straight to Lazyland, where people are paid a crown an hour for sleeping."

"Ah! but that *isn't* all," said Matter-of-Fact, "for listen, children, besides the divisions we've just been describing, the plant kingdom is cut up into three classes—herbs, shrubs and trees."

"Yes, my dears," put in Fun, who really couldn't help making another joke,

"The herb, the shrub, and the lofty tree,
Represent to my mind, *our* classes three;
The wayside flower and the meadow grass,
Resemble our useful working class;
The shrubs, which are larger and make more show,
Stand for the middle class, you know;
Whilst the forest trees in their splendour seen,
Are like the peers of our realm, I ween."

"Now that's *rather* good, isn't it, Mr. Matter-of-Fact?"

"Not *so* bad," said that stolid gentleman, and his square jaws almost relaxed into a smile, "and now, children, before next examination day, find out what is the difference between a herb and a shrub, and a shrub and a tree. And now it's time to be moving on."

"Indeed it is," said Fun,

"For I'm tired of this debating,
Whilst all the roots are waiting;
And wondering I —;"

but Fun's voice was drowned here, by the rumbling of the wheels as the party moved on.

(*To be continued.*)

The following questions are to be answered by the members of the Botany Class (see January number), and the answers sent to Miss Phoebe Allen, Ileden, Bonchurch, I.W.

QUESTIONS.

1. What are the two great divisions into which the Vegetable Kingdom is divided?
2. How do the leaves of a plant tell us to which division that plant belongs?
3. Give three examples of a Dicotyledonous plant and three examples of a Monocotyledonous plant.
4. What is the difference between a herb and a shrub and a shrub and a tree?
5. Give an example of a herb, of a shrub and of a tree.
6. Find out where our word *root* comes from.

BOOKS.

We have received the following books for review:—*Old Deccan Days* (Murray, 5s.) Not since *Uncle Remus* appeared have we had so fresh and fascinating a volume of folk-tales. The Jackal, in these, plays the part of "Brer Rabbit," and the funny combinations, the element of "unexpectedness," the droll union of inconsequence and shrewd common sense and wordly-wisdom are of the very essence of the true folk fairy-tale. The volume has an introduction by Sir Bartle Frere, and consists of Hindoo Fairy Tales told to Miss Mary Frere while on a tour through the Southern Mahratta country, by her native ayah. The charming illustrations are by Miss C. F. Frere. The stories, with some judicious skipping, would give infinite delight to the nursery and school-room parties, while the older reader will feel that much is done in this volume to break down the barrier which somehow separates the Western from the Eastern mind. A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind, and notwithstanding the Rakshas, Gins and Cobras, and other Eastern *dramatis personæ* we are brought into close sympathetic touch with the childhood of a people whom we feel to be akin.

Mr. Murray's *Library of Choice Travels* (7s. 6d. each), is a real boon to those of us who are not content to borrow our book of travels from Mudie's, and cannot afford the large edition.

"Miss Bird's" *Six Months in the Sandwich Islands* is a most happy selection, a book of travel more delightful than any story-book. Full of wonder and delight for the young folk, and of exceeding refreshment for the elders. We can imagine no pleasanter book for family reading aloud than this book of travel in—

"Summer isles of Eden lying
In dark purple spheres of sea."

A Boy's Voyage Round the World, including a residence in Victoria and a journey by rail across N. America, by S. Smiles (Murray, 6s.) A capital book for boys. It is compiled from the log and diary letters of a lad of sixteen, who makes this tour for his health, and describes his adventures on sea and land in a very bright and entertaining manner.

Mrs. Caumont has performed a feat. We notice her *Dish of Matrimony* (Eliot Stock, London), in the *Parents' Review*, though novels are, as a rule, not in our line, because Mrs. Caumont is known to us all by the wise counsels which have more than once instructed and interested our readers. They will expect humour and common sense in any work from the author's pen, and will certainly find both qualities in this *plat*. Without any of the quaint, pretty atmosphere of *Cranford* to support her, Mrs. Caumont has